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Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

THE STORY TELLER.

From Next Saturday Gazette.

MARRYING A COMMONER.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"Good bye, Miss Mary—may I tell mamma I have been good?"

"And me," said another little prattler, "kiss me dear Miss Mary." The young teacher stooped her graceful neck, to receive the caresses of the affectionate children, as they crowded around her at the dismissal of the school; and with praises to one, persuasions to another, and urgings to a third, mingled with sweet loving words and caresses, she parted with them for the day.

And there she sat alone, that fair young girl, busily and thoughtfully engaged, arranging first a work box left in the "most admired disorder" by its little owner, then examining a copy which displayed great improvement in its straggling strokes and pot-hooks; and then "putting to rights" her desk. She was beautiful. Sweet Mary Dale! Her soft brown eyes looked placidly and patiently around, and snatches of ringing melody came in low murmurs from her rosy curved lips, as if to cheer her in her tasks. She seemed from "top to toe" a lady, born and bred. One could not but admire the tiny foot, that stole out from beneath the plain chintz gown, that fitted so neatly her graceful floating figure; the white delicately formed hand, and classically shaped head that sat so well on the fine neck; the chestnut brown hair that lay in glossy waves on the fair brow, and stole from over the comb that faintly would have checked its luxuriance, in rich curls—each one of which seemed to have caught a sunbeam prisoner; the oval face and delicately tinted cheek, with the long lashes that fell upon it, veiling the softest eyes. All gave evidence of "gentle blood." And so she was of "gentle blood," dear reader her grandfather, by her mother's side was an honest mechanic—but one of "nature's noblemen";—therefore was Mary a peeress in her own right. But she was poor—very poor—and labored hard from the rising of the sun until long after its setting, for the maintenance of her family and "bonnie self."

While she was busily occupied in preparing a piece of work to employ the tiny hands of some troublesome little prattler on the following day—the school-room door opened and a lady entered. She was apparently middle aged; but notwithstanding the expression of discontent and fretfulness, her face bore evidence of former beauty. "That she was conscious of having possessed beauty, the delicate, tasteful arrangement of her pretty morning costume proved. The soft lace of the modest little cap, just shaded sufficiently the cheeks, that had once been full; and the blossom-hued ribbons cast over them a tint nature had before supplied. With a languid, lady-like air, she paused upon the threshold, saying, 'I have been waiting ever since the door closed on the last child, in hopes you would come to my room. What has detained you? I should suppose you would have had enough of this hateful place—it is now past four!' and she held up a tiny watch that hung from her wrist.

"Come in, dear mother," replied the young girl; "I have been so busy that I quite forgot the time; and moreover I thought you were dining at Aunt Elton's."

"How could you think so?" answered the mother in fretful tone, as she took a seat placed for her near the window by her daughter. "To-night they give their first party of the season, you know. I verily believe you have forgotten it. I went there, this morning, but I just found myself in the way; the whole house is in hurry and confusion. By the way, your aunt requested you should come around soon, she wishes you to make some arrangements for her. Florence is out of humor, completely, with the pretty Parisian dress which has just arrived and there are a dozen other things for which you are needed."

"Oh, dear!" replied Mary, as a shade of vexation crossed her fair brow, "I had quite forgotten this party. I really do not know how I can go. However, I will go and make what little alteration may be necessary in Florence's dress, arrange her beautiful locks, and put the last finishing touches to the drawing and supper rooms; all this will not take me long, then I can return in time to finish Alice's little coat. She could not take a walk to-day for the want of it."

"Is the girl crazy?" exclaimed the mother. "You do not mean to say, Mary Dale, that you have no intention of remaining at the party? Why you are positively wild. I can tell you there are fifty girls who would give their little fingers to be at the fashionable *recherché* at Mrs. Elton's to-night."

"Yes, but dear mamma, those fifty girls are differently situated from me—they do not value their fingers so much as I do mine. But indeed I do feel so very languid and good-for-nothing the next day after one of Aunt Elton's large parties. I am not situated for such amusements; I never enjoy myself."

"Why, at one of her parties last winter," rejoined her mother, "you said you enjoyed yourself."

so much. You waltzed and danced with that Mr. Ridley, as though you knew not fatigue."

The blush deepened on Mary's cheek, and she bent more earnestly over her work, as she replied, "True, dear mother, but I was unfit for school the next day, you know, and it was a week before every thing went regular again."

"Oh, that hateful school!" exclaimed the mother, "it mortifies me beyond expression. Here, I see other girls, on all sides, succeeding in society, with not one half your beauty. Depend upon it, Mary, that paltry little infant school will ruin your prospects."

"I hope not dear mother," replied the daughter laughing. "I think I am succeeding finely. My school this season is the largest in the city."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Dale; you know what I mean. There was that Mr. Ridley—I am almost sure he was, or intended, addressing you, until he discovered that Mrs. Elton's beautiful niece was a 'school madam.'"

"Never! dear mother, never!" replied Mary energetically; Louis Ridley is too independent to be influenced by such silly prejudices. But, she added, in a more quiet tone, bending over her desk to conceal her blushes from her mother—I can assure you he was no lover of mine, and a half sigh escaped her.

"Whether he was or not is of no consequence now," answered Mrs. Dale, with affected composure; "for your aunt Elton announced with much ceremony this morning, before some morning visitors—who were admitted for the express purpose, I believe—Florence's engagement with Mr. Ridley, and dilated on his great wealth with great triumph. Her delight was evident that Florence in her second season, should secure the finest match in society. I could not refrain from asking her, as if unconscious of giving annoyance, if she remembered what occupation Mr. Ridley's father had followed. She pretended not to remember, but I recollected it well, and recalled to her memory that when we were young girls, Louis Ridley's father was a poor journeyman carpenter. Well, luck is everything in this world; here I, who was born to my carriage and suffering from poverty, while he was reared in a hotel, comparatively, is at thirty-five worth a million."

Mrs. Dale continued these peevish remarks, never noting the mute affliction and surprise of her daughter, who sat at her desk, hastily working all unconscious of her employment. At last wearied with fretting, the mother arose saying,

"Well Mary, when you finish your work which seems truly never-ending, I will accompany you to your aunt. Dear me!" she continued, as she passed from the room "if you had only one half of Florence's management, you would have been married well, long ere this. But I was born for trouble."

Fast fell poor Mary's tears on the little piece of sewing, after her mother closed the door. Disappointment and mortification almost distracted her. Poor girl! she was to know the misery of unrequited love, with the rest of her troubles. She had loved Louis Ridley; not as her cousin Florence had loved him—for his money—but for the high, noble qualities he possessed; and had been a poor journeyman carpenter, as was his father, her love would have been the same. She felt humiliated, for she now understood, that his intentions had been to her but the promptings of mere friendship, and the overflows of a warm heart. He knew from the first that she kept at school; for at the commencement of their acquaintance, at the memorable party alluded to by her mother, their conversation had been about his little sister Ella, who was one of her favorite pupils. She had met him many, many times afterwards at her aunt's, and then he had always been so kind and attentive to her, that she perceived, unconsciously, the respect she felt for him to deepen into love. It was very unmaidenly, dear reader, but still it was so, and our poor Mary suffered enough to be pardoned for the fault. She upbraided herself for allowing her vanity so to blind her to the fact, that it was because she was the beautiful Florence's cousin, and his little pet sister's teacher, she had received from him such earnest and kind attentions. A summons from her impatient mother dried her tears, and she hastened to fulfill her bidding.

Mrs. Dale and Mrs. Elton were daughters as has been mentioned, of an honest mechanic. Their father commenced life without a penny. Thrifty and honest, and energetic he succeeded in business. He purchased lots on the outskirts of the city when low in price, that increased in value to an immense amount; he succeeded in everything he attempted; he was one of those who are called by the world "lucky fellows." Industry, thrift, energy and judgment, are, however, generally the "Open Sesames" to fortune. He had but two children—daughters; and when he and his good wife Peggy died, they left their girls co-heiresses to an immense fortune. Mrs. Dale had been, as she said, born to her carriage, and princely splendor surrounded her early life. Their fortunes and fine persons obtained for them grand matches, that is, in point of family; they both married sons of the aristocracy, who condescended to make use of the thrifty mechanic's money, though in their hearts, they sneered at the wretched necessity of such a *mesalliance*. Mrs. Dale's husband proved to be a spendthrift; and after running through her fine fortune, he died suddenly, leaving her with five children to struggle along in life. Two followed their heartless dissipated father, and three were left to get along in the world as they best could. The eldest was Mary, and a treasure, indeed was she to her helpless mother. Mary of Mary's vacations, during her girlhood, had been spent with an aunt of her mother's—a strong-minded, sensible woman, who had done much toward making Mary what she was to her family—a comfort Mary! Not in the gay, brilliant crowd.

This aunt had died a year or two previous; but the recollection of her sterling precepts, was to Mary, as a beacon and guide, through her life of trial. Immediately on learning the state of her father's affairs, after his death, she came forth energetically, and announced her determination to support her mother. She opened an infant school, and though young, sorrow, and her aunt's good training, had so strengthened and matured her mind, that her success was very encouraging, and she had, as she had said, the second winter of her school, the largest one in the city.

Poor Mrs. Dale could do nothing but repine at the loss of her fortune, and her aunt's disgrace brought upon her, by Mary's condescending to become a school teacher; but she comforted herself with the pretty clothing Mary's industry permitted her still to indulge in, and with going to all the gay parties given by her dashing, stylish sister, and her other gay friends.

Mrs. Elton had been a little more fortunate. Her husband had proved to be neither a gambler nor an inebriate; but a man of most elegant and expensive tastes; selfish—supremely so, and large as Mrs. Elton's fortune was the income of it never bore the expenses of their establishment. They had a large family of girls and boys, each of whom had to be sent to the most expensive schools and dressed in the most extravagant style. Mr. Elton's father had been a half-pay English "Captain of H. B. M. Service," and according to his own account, the younger son of a nobleman. These aristocratic *engines* are all younger sons of noblemen, we believe—how many younger sons those noblemen must have! However, this may have been, it was sufficient to establish him in society; and Mrs. Elton's husband had all the hereditary expensive taste, that a grandson of a nobleman ought to have. Her eldest daughter had married well; and the season previous, she had launched into society her beauty—Florence; from her success she expected much. "Remember Florence," said her mother, "I shall give you but two seasons; you must do your best my love—then Clara must have the chance. Laura went right off my hands without trouble, and you are much prettier than she." This constantly repeated, of course had effect.

Florence Elton was beautiful—magnificently beautiful. She had a faultless face, with a dark flashing eye, and a luxurious form, fitted for a Juno. She was aristocratic to the very tips of her tiny, taper fingers, and never forgave the unfortunate fate that had not placed her in what she deemed her proper sphere; and when regarding her beautiful person in the Psyche glass of her dressing room, she thought she should have been at least, the Right Hon. daughter of an English earl. Her first season passed brilliantly. She carried everything before her. That is so far as admiration was concerned; but it must be confessed *subrosa*, there were but few offers. The young gentlemen admired, worshipped and danced attendance; but when they thought of marriage, they shrugged their shoulders, and concluded that the fair Florence was by far too expensive an article for them to possess—they could admire in earnest, but not of the sort she wished. She had all her father's holy aristocratic horror of a *mesalliance*, and she had resolved, upon entering society that mere wealth should not satisfy her as it had Laura—no—she must never "marry a commoner." But her first season passed, and after the summer spent at some gay watering place, where she had been as usual the reigning belle, she began to tremble for her success.

"Your last winter, dear Florence," said her mother, in quiet, well-bred tones, at the commencement of her second season, and Clara began to hurry her to make up her mind. "Do get married, Florry," said her promising sister, "do not be so gaud in your expectations. You will never succeed, and next winter you will only hamper me." In the train of her availables was Louis Ridley. He had been struck with her beauty on her first appearance in society, to which his immense wealth gave him an entrée. She had regarded with contempt her mother's expressions of delight at his attentions. He was a "commoner," she would never marry him. But she now began to think differently. A "commoner" so wealthy as Mr. Ridley was not to be disregarded; and visions of a handsome establishment, jewels, settlement, &c., floated through her brain; and on the commencement of this second season she permitted herself to unite in her mother's schemes to bring Mr. Ridley to her feet. This was not difficult. She had been sufficiently indifferent to him, to cause him to imagine—men are very blind on that score—that he was at last preferred for himself, and not for his money; and the affair had just been concluded—the wished-for offer made the evening previous to their first grand party of the season.

Mrs. Elton's heart beat high, as she saw Louis Ridley's fine, handsome form bend over her daughter in earnest conversation, in the presence of the assembled crowd of fashionable, in her drawing rooms, on that evening. He was so studiously attentive to all the *petit soins* of a lover. She was a happy woman, and she gazed around with gratified pride. Florence was looking beautifully. Mary's clever fingers had caused the costly dress to look a *novel*, and her exquisite taste had arranged her cousin's beautiful hair, just in the style Louis Ridley most admired. The music was in perfect order. Mary had placed Florence's finest songs exactly where they could be found at a moment's warning. She had scattered *bygone* and beautiful books just where they should be; and odoriferous hot-house plants breathed through the library and the long windows of the balconies, the most delicious fragrance. But where was she, the self-forgetting Mary what she was to her family—a comfort Mary! Not in the gay, brilliant crowd. There

was her mother, rejoicing in the possession of a pretty new gown, and one of "Sister Elton's" beautiful Parisian caps; but no Mary—not in the luxurious library, nor in any cozy recess of the large drawing-rooms could she be found. Bright eyes were glancing, and merry voices ringing, but the soft, dove like eyes of Mary beamed not amongst them. In the little parlor of their residence, there she sat sewing most industriously on the warm tiny coat of her darling little sister Alice—a fine, frank-looking boy of nine or ten years of age was studying at the table beside her, and every little while she would have to lay down her work to assist him in the difficult lesson he was so earnestly bent on accomplishing. True her eyes were swollen, and her cheeks were flushed, and the beautiful coral lip that trembled with restrained emotion told of a severe struggle that was going on within. But Duty that

"Stern daughter of the voice of God!"

stood before the fainting spirit, and did calm

"the weary strife of frail humanity."

She had made all the arrangements that Aunt Elton wished, long before the assembling of the visitors, and then, when that weary task was accomplished she pleaded to return home. "I am not well," she said, in trembling tones, "dear mother, let me go this once."

"You must have taken a shocking cold, in truth," said her mother, looking at her. "Your red eyes and swollen face will do you but little credit; therefore, I suppose you may as well go. You never look well when you ought."

The evening passed gaily to the merry throng at Mrs. Elton's. There were undoubtedly sad hearts and envious ones, and many ill-natured speeches on "Miss Elton's success," as such things are called—but why search for all this, when the surface is courteous, happy and well-bred. All seemed joyous. Song and laughter rang out, as though heart-aching sorrow was not in this world.

The engagement was announced, and every one concluded, from the publicity of the engagement, that the marriage was not far off. Louis Ridley was a happy man; he gazed on the happy creature beside him, and thought Paradise was surely opening to him. Life had always been beautiful, but now there seemed beaming over it the violet radiance of an Eden life. In the prime of life, wealthy, and possessing the heart of a young, beautiful woman; one who loved him for himself; who was so good as he? And he revelled in these fond imaginations. Day followed day in this delicious dream-life. They were to sail for Europe immediately after their marriage, for which event great preparations were being made by the elated Mrs. Elton. But the lover and his fair lady were permitted to pass their hours uninterrupted together. Florence consoled herself for the trouble of "playing pretty," during this season of courtship, in glorious dreams of the future; and whilst listening to her lover's rhapsodies, and anticipations of their delightful sojourn abroad, which was to be to him a gratification of taste and intellect—to enjoy the exquisite productions of art, and view those spots so famed in classic story; she was imagining the brilliant circles of Paris and Florence, the fine cameos she would obtain in Italy, the costly shawls, gay clothing and magnificent jewelry she would purchase in Paris.

One morning Mr. Ridley received a note from Mrs. Elton, requesting to see him, in order, as she wrote, that they might arrange some affairs previous to the approaching wedding. Surprised and perplexed, he waited immediately on that gentleman at his office anxious to know what these portentous affairs were, that needed arrangement. After some hesitation, the bland courteous Mr. Elton managed to make his intended son-in-law understand that he wished to settle some amount of property on Florence. "Any amount," said the father, "that you may consider in just proportion to your fortune. You know best, my dear sir."

"Certainly, if you wish it," said the astonished gentleman. "But it is not necessary, I assure you; my own estate is sufficiently large to dispense with the necessity of depriving yourself of one penny of your own fortune. But whatever may be Florence's future share of your estate, I am perfectly willing it should be settled as firmly on her as you wish—but do not deprive yourself of that share, or even a portion of it, during life-time. I would freely marry my lovely Florence, were she penniless."

Mr. Elton amongst his other hereditary talents, picked himself on being a skillful politician and diplomatist; but though he had pulled many wires in the vast machinery of political affairs, and fancied himself very clever in all sorts of delicate difficulties, here was one that almost baffled him. He at last, however, succeeded in making the surprised lover understand that he was expected to make the settlement; he was to pay for his adored Florence; that the selfish father held up his lovely daughter for sale. Words would almost fail to describe his contempt and indignation, though love restrained the utterance of his feelings.

"You are yet in business, Mr. Ridley," urged Mr. Elton—the ice once broken—Mr. Ridley's understanding enlightened—Mr. Elton grew eloquent and luminous. "You may fail, and find yourself bereft of fortune. This portion which you now settle on your wife in the days of prosperity, will be in adversity something to return upon!"

"No sir!" replied the indignant young man; "while I have money, my wife shall enjoy the comforts and luxuries freely, that money can purchase; but should I meet with misfortunes, the sacred words uttered on the altar make my wife

and myself as one, and as one, must we bear those reverses. If I judge Florence aright, her noble spirit would disdain to live in luxury on the money that should in justice belong to her husband's creditors."

The father saw he had gone too far, and hastily assured him of Florence's ignorance of the application, throwing the weight of the whole affair on his own anxiety for his daughter's future prospects.

"We look differently on these things, my dear sir," he said. "When I married my wife, it was only her earnest opposition, that prevented me from having the whole estate settled on her; but I have always acted since, as though it were—never touching the principal."

This was untrue; but he was in difficulty; and his systems of diplomacy permitted him to extricate himself as he best could. They parted, mutually dissatisfied with each other—but Louis never mingled, for one instant his lovely Florence with the disgusting affair. Some hours afterwards, he turned his steps towards the stately residence of his lady love. The front door being open, he entered, without troubling a servant to announce him. The drawing-rooms were unoccupied. He lingered near the embroidery frame; with love's sweet imaginings dwelling on the tracery of her beautiful fingers;—the music book was open at one of his favorite songs;—the very atmosphere seemed filled with love's balmy fragrance. Ah! that ever such happy dreams should be dispelled. Why was not the lovely Florence as true, and honest, as she was beautiful? He waited for her appearance; when there came floating on the air, the sounds of her delicious voice. She had entered the library, which was adjoining, and her mother and herself were evidently in high conversation. He was about joining them, when as he was crossing the room to do so, the first sentence that fell from his Florence's lips, detained him a listener. From Mother Eve came our curiosity; but like her we are always punished for the gratification of it.

"Not make a settlement?" she exclaimed, in angry tones. "Why, is it outrageous?—What does he think I marry him for? I who, with my beauty and birth, am entitled to soar far beyond him." The mother coincided with her daughter's indignant expressions, but gently endeavored to soften her anger. It was in vain. She continued,

"Here, I have condescended to visit all his stupid, vulgar relations, and brought myself to submit to give up all my brilliant expectations of marrying in accordance with my birth; and he refuses to settle on me a portion of his paltry fortune, that he may render me dependent on his bounty, daily doled out, as if he had chosen me out of his own vulgar set. I will not marry him!"

"Florence! Florence!" exclaimed the frightened mother. "Do not be so impetuous, I beg of you. To break the engagement now is impossible—you have gone too far. Besides, what would the world say? We could give no possible excuse, and you would lose all chance for the future. Remember, dearest, he is very, very wealthy; and Laura had no settlements."

"That is nothing to me," replied Florence, "if Laura close to yield her rights, as an Elton, I ought not. But," she added, evidently a little influenced by her mother's words, "I suppose I must yield to my sad fate. But I will lead a life of splendor, if I do marry him." "Which you never will," said Mr. Ridley, entering the room, and fronting the terrified mother and daughter. "No, Miss Elton, we have been mutually deceived. It is not impossible to break the engagement; for I would sooner enter my grave, than take you—Florence Elton, as I now know you—for my wife."

He turned, and left the room. Mrs. Elton and her daughter gazed at each other in mutual despair; at last, with a shriek of anguish, and a mortified pride, the passionate girl gave vent to a fearful burst of feeling. But passion and regret were of no avail, for Mr. Ridley announced amongst his friends, on all sides, that the engagement was at end, and a week or so afterwards sailed for Europe.

"I am sincerely sorry for you, Florry," said her father, shrugging his shoulders coolly, the day the affair came out. "You must be more careful another time. You know that amongst us politicians, want of success is equivalent to a fault," and with his accustomed courtesy, he banded her to the dinner table.

"The next time," muttered the disappointed mother—"I wonder when she will have another chance after this noise. But Clara shall come out next season, that I am resolved, and I hope she will profit by her sister's example."

Eight or ten years passed by, causing, as time always does, many changes, both for the better and the worse. Louis Ridley, after a long absence abroad, returned to his native city, bringing with him a lady whom he had married a few years previous to his return. She was young, as beautiful as the fair Florence had been; alas! that "had been"—and although wealthy and belonging to an old Puritan family of New England, she did not disdain to "marry the commoner." She loved her husband

with deep tenderness, and her love was founded on the great respect she entertained for his high and noble character. And Florence Elton had to witness their happiness and splendor. Season after season had passed, and she still remained unmarried. She attended regularly the *debut*—then the marriage, of each sister, as they followed in succession—each season determining to secure a *parti* for herself. At one time she laid desperate siege to a stylish German Count, who, just as he was about to fling his title and fortune at her feet, was discovered to be an imposter—a hair-dresser by profession. Her last desperate attempt was upon the heart of an old gouty *millionaire* she met at the Springs, who left without noticing her delicate attentions.

But where was the gentle, self-denying Mary? Ah! thank Heaven! goodness does prosper, even though the wicked clouds of this world seek to prevent it. She suffered much, at first, from her misplaced love; but she had too much to occupy her mind, morning, noon, and night, to permit her yielding up one moment to the "luxury of sweet sadness." Her brother George was to educate, and little during Alice to be cared for; then her mother's luxuries,—necessaries to her,—were to be obtained. The everyday cares of real life, are an admirable antidote for the suffering of unrequited love. She soon rose above her trouble, and at last almost forgot she had ever cherished such a dream. Another and a stronger love took possession of her heart, for one whom she had known from childhood; who had, like herself, been tried in the school of adversity, but had triumphed over all difficulties. And when he sought out her gentle Mary's love, who had been his boyhood's idol, the goddess of the dreams which would steal over him when poring "o'er the musty tome" in manhood—he offered to her a name that stood high in the land; he was one that his countrymen "de-lighted to honor." She had been a happy wife for some time, when Louis Ridley and his fair bride returned; and when they met in the world she looked on her husband and smiled, as a recollection of her childish vanity and romance stole across her memory.

29th Congress.—1st Session.

MONDAY, March 2.

IN SENATE. Several private bills were reported by Committees. Mr. Fairfield presented the petition of citizens of Maine, praying the establishment of a marine hospital within the limits of that State; which was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. F. also presented the petition of citizens of the State of Maine, praying an amendment of the preemption laws in favor of actual settlers on the public lands; which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

The Oregon resolutions were then taken up. Mr. Brewster commenced a speech in favor of claiming all Oregon up to 54° 40', and spoke to the adjournment.

IN HOUSE. Mr. McConnell made a personal explanation in relation to his colleague, (Mr. Chapman's) land investment, and in reply to the attack of the "Columbian Fountain," (a temperance paper) upon him.

The N. Jersey contested election case was taken up.

Mr. Hamlin addressed the house against the report of the majority and in favor of giving the seat to Mr. Farlee, the contestant, upon the ground that college students voted for Mr. Rank, who had no right to vote.

Mr. Dobbin replied, and argued in favor of Mr. Rank's right to his seat.

Mr. Chapman followed, and spoke in favor of the minority report and in favor of Mr. Farlee's receiving the seat. In the course of his remarks he alluded to a remark from Mr. Harper, that his (Mr. Chapman's) doctrine was that education made whigs, and that no man of light and knowledge had the right to vote, and pronounced the same a calumny unworthy of any man upon that floor. He had never said such a thing.

Before any vote was taken the House adjourned.

TUESDAY, March 3.

IN SENATE. A communication from the navy department was received, and 5000 extra copies ordered to be printed.

Mr. Clayton offered a resolution calling on the President for all correspondence on our foreign relations since the 4th of February. Lies over.

Mr. H. Johnson, of Louisiana, offered a joint resolution for the construction of a fort in Louisiana.

Mr. Niles, that the resolution to print extra copies of the document relative to post roads to the Pacific be recommitted to the Committee on Printing. Agreed to.

The resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Dayton, relative to the necessity of increasing the military and marine force of the country, was taken up, and on motion of Mr. Sevier, was postponed for the present.

The Oregon resolutions were taken up, and Mr. Dayton took the floor and delivered a speech on the notice.

IN HOUSE. Mr. Danlap presented the petition of the children of Thomas and Rebecca Pool, late of Brunswick, Cumberland County, Maine, for an allowance of a revolutionary pension due under the act of 1835 and 1836: referred to the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions.

Mr. Hilliard's resolution calling on the postmaster general in regard to the mail arrangements between the U. States and foreign countries, and to state the terms, &c., was taken up and adopted.

The New Jersey contested election case was taken up and further discussed; but without taking any question the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, March 4.

IN SENATE. After some unimportant business the Senate proceeded to the special order of the day, and the Oregon debate was resumed.

Mr. Haywood, who was entitled to the floor, commenced his speech with an elaborate defence

of the President's course in relation to the Oregon negotiation.

Mr. H. then presented a brief view of the state of the Oregon question; and contended that the President now stood where he stood in August last—viz: upon the line of 49 deg.—and that no where in his message could it be shown that he stood upon 54 deg., 40m. Although he believed our title to be clear, he offered to compromise on 49 deg., and although he had withdrawn to offer, he still held the door open for Great Britain to enter upon that line.

Mr. H. was in favor of the notice, as a great moral weapon to place in the hands of the Executive. He thought the question must be settled at all peaceably—and said he would stand by the President upon the line of 49 deg.; and below that line substantially, he would never consent to yield the territory, be the consequences what they may.

Mr. Haywood had some slight altercation with Mr. Allen, while commenting on the remark of the Senator from Ohio, that "England dare not go to war with the U. States," and before he closed his speech a motion was carried to adjourn.

IN HOUSE. Mr. Scammon presented the petition of Charles Wardsworth, and others, heirs at law of the late General Peleg Wardsworth for compensation pay, for services rendered in the revolutionary war, by the said Gen. Wardsworth: referred to the Committee on Revolutionary Claims. The petition of Lewis P. Hillard and 76 others, citizens of Kennebec, Maine, deprecating the evils of war, and praying Congress, in some constitutional mode, to propose to other governments a congress of nations, for the purpose of proceeding by a code of international laws for a peaceable adjustment of national disputes: referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The House again took up the New Jersey election case.

The state of the question, at the adjournment yesterday, was this:

The majority of the committee had recommended the adoption of the following resolution: Resolved, That Isaac G. Farlee, is not entitled to a seat in this House, as a representative from the State of New Jersey.

Which said resolution Mr. Hamlin had heretofore moved to amend, by striking out all after the word "resolved," and inserting the following: That John Rank is not entitled to a seat upon this floor. That Isaac G. Farlee, having received a majority of the legal votes of the legally qualified voters of the third congressional district of New Jersey, is entitled to his seat upon this floor.

The subject was debated at length. The point of difference appeared to be, whether certain college students, who voted at the election, had a legal and constitutional right to vote.

A vote was finally taken on Mr. Hamlin's amendment, which resulted in its rejection—yeas 76, nays 112.

The report of the majority, declaring that Isaac G. Farlee is not elected, was then adopted—yeas 119, nays 66.

Mr. Hamlin then offered the following: Resolved, That John Rank is not entitled to a seat, &c. This resolution was rejected—yeas 96, nays 96—a tie. The Speaker then voted in the negative, making the vote stand yeas 96, nays 97.

The result of this vote is, that Mr. Rank retains his seat.

Mr. Sawyer sent a letter to the Clerk's desk, taken from the New York Tribune, giving some account of his personal habits in the House, and holding him up to ridicule. Mr. S. after making his complaint, resumed his seat, when Mr. Brinkley, of Ohio, moved "the expulsion of the reporters and letter-writers of the Tribune."

The previous question was ordered, and the Resolution adopted expelling the reporters and letter-writers of the Tribune, by a vote of 119 to 48. The House adjourned.

THURSDAY, March 5.

IN SENATE. Mr. Haywood of N. C. resumed, and concluded his speech on Oregon. He advocated giving the notice. He was in favor of a settlement by negotiation on the 49th parallel. He discussed the pledge of the Baltimore Convention, with a view to show that it was not binding on the Senate; nearly half of the Senate were Whigs, and of course it was not binding on them. It was not binding on the South Carolina Senators, because they were not represented in Convention, and it was the two South Carolina votes which defeated the Notice last session. His State could not be bound by the pledge, because it voted against Mr. Polk, and repudiated the whole proceeding of the Baltimore Convention.

Mr. H. went on to show, that the design of all this outcry about Oregon, was to get up a new candidate for the Presidency in the West—to make great officers of small men. This had been stated as a Western question, though the West had no right in Oregon, even from continuity beyond 49°. But it had been started and gone. He would stem the torrent, even if standing alone, as far as he could. This was a question of party politics and President making, and nothing else.

Mr. H. repeated to-day, in strong terms, his declaration, that the President's views had been misrepresented here, by those who had undertaken to speak for him, in regard to his position on the Oregon question; and that the President's manifest intention was to compromise upon 49°.

Mr. H. was of the opinion, that it would be extremely impolitic to send back the House Resolution and reopen the subject there for agitation. He had no objection to Mr. Crittenden's amendment, if the act was to originate here.

As to Mr. Colquhoun's proposition, he opposed it for many reasons, which he gave at length:—one of which was, that it appeared to him to rest upon a compromise between the 49th and the Columbia River, which he himself could not agree to. When Mr. H. concluded his remarks Mr. Calhoun made a brief explanation merely in regard to the last protocol, and the reasons for signing it, which were, that the British minister had not instructions to proceed further. The claim of this Government was at that time, for the whole country drained by the Columbia river and its tributaries.

Mr. Hamlin rose to make some remarks upon

on what he considered the most extraordinary speech he had ever heard in his life. He wished to put a question to the Senator from N. Carolina, and he had reduced it to writing? Had the Senator the authority of the President of the U. S. directly or indirectly, to state, that he would compromise the Oregon question on the 49th?

Mr. Haywood. What I have said, I will print. What I said on this subject, I wrote before I said it, for fear of some mistake. I said, that for the President to authorize any one, in his present situation, to state what he would do, would be unwise and impolitic.

Mr. Allen. I construe the answer of the Senator into a negative.

Mr. Haywood. I have already endeavored to prove that the Senator was a bad hand at construction.

Mr. Allen. The Senator assumed to speak of the President of the United States. If he did not speak upon his authority, I stand ready to deny, that he expressed the views of the President.

Some further questioning took place, but Mr. Haywood declined to answer.

Mr. Hamman said it was not necessary for his purpose that the Senator should answer any question. In reply to the Senator, he would say, that there was no truth in man, and no meaning in language, if the President was not committed to 54° 40'. He had stood committed to it before all the world since 1844, as he went on to show from his Cincinnati letter, his message, and other sources. If the President should turn traitor, and betray the standard which was committed to him, he for one would resent it without fear or hesitation.

But, (said Mr. H.) for the President, I deny the intentions, which the Senator from North Carolina attributes to him—intentions which, if really entertained by him, would make him an infamous man—ay, an infamous man. [He Mr. H.] told the Senate yesterday unless I grossly misunderstood him, along with several friends around me—"that the president had occasionally stickings-in, parenthetically, to gratify—what? the ulcers of the country and of party; whilst the repaid in the White House with no intention of carrying out those parenthetical stickings-in." In plain words, he represents the President as parenthetically sticking in a few hollow and false words to cajole the "ulcers of the country?" What is this, need I ask, but charging upon the President, conduct the most vile and infamous? If this allegation be true, these intentions of the President must sooner or later come to light, and when brought to light will must follow that irretrievable disgrace? So long as one human eye remains to linger on the page of history the story of his abasement will be reading him and his name together in an infamy so profound, a damnation so deep that the band of resurrection will never be able to drag him forth. He who is a traitor to his country can never have forgiveness of God, and cannot ask mercy of man. I ask the Senator whether he came here charged with misdeeds from the President, or whether he assumed the dogmatic style on his own responsibility, and—

Mr. Mangum called to order.

President. Let him proceed.

Mr. Hamman said he did not intend to use language disrespectful to the Senate. He said:

We are told that this question was agitated in the country for the purpose of putting small men into large offices. I have seen small men in large offices before to-day. "Small men in large offices!" "The country agitated to put small men in large offices!" Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. The proverb is somewhat stale, but it is a salutary one; and even some great men may occasionally be reminded of it to their profit. Let me tell the Senator from North Carolina, that for my own part, I would much sooner be found a small man seeking a high place, than the subservient, plant, supple tool—the cringing flatterer, the fawning sycophant, who crouches before power, and hurries from its back stairs to bring before the Senate its beads, and nods, and wreathed smiles.

The last steamer from Europe, it is said, puts this question in such a position that for Oregon we can get free trade. Free trade I have dearly; but never will it be bought by me by the territory of my country! He who would entertain such an idea is a traitor to his country. I speak for myself, and my own section of the country—Free trade for a surrender of the ports and harbors on the Pacific! Never, sir, never.

Whereas this movement for free trade on the part of England? Does not every one know that she has been driven into this course by the utterances of starving millions? that she has been forced into this policy by the landowners, to save their lives from the knife of the midnight assassin, and their palaces from the torch of the prowling incendiary? But the West is to have a new and most profitable market. Some of us know that from the Baltic England would get her wheat long before we could send a ton into her market. I submit to this simply because I do not know that I shall have any opportunity to do so. I have only to add that so far as the whole time, spirit, and nature of the remarks of the senator from North Carolina, are concerned, if they speak the language of James K. Polk, James K. Polk has spoken words of falsehood, and with the tongue of a serpent.

Mr. Evans then moved that the Senate adjourn. The motion was put, carried, and the Senate adjourned.

IN HOUSE. Mr. Danlap presented the petition of citizens of Portland, in the State of Maine, praying for the extension of the pension laws to the widows of the officers and soldiers of the revolutionary war, who were married subsequent to 1784: referred to the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions.

The House accepted the day in discussing the river and harbor bill.

FRIDAY, March 6.

THE SENATE did not sit.

IN HOUSE. The House voted to Mr. Farlee, the unsuccessful contestant in the New Jersey election case, pay and mileage as a member, up to March 4th. A resolution to make a similar allowance to Mr. Banta of Virginia, was offered, but objected to, and was not removed.

On Saturday, neither House was in session.

OUR TERRITORY.—Exclusive of Russia, we are as large as all Europe—twice the size of China—ten times that of France—sixteen times that of Great Britain.

SEEKING A WIFE.—When one dives for pearls, he generally encounters a shark in the way.

From the Saco Democrat. "STATE OF THE OREGON QUESTION."

The above is the head of an editorial article in the Bangor Courier, of Feb. 17th. The writer seems to indulge the idea that war will be the inevitable consequence of the "Notice" which Congress has, with such unanimity given to Great Britain. He rather censures the administration for not consenting to leave the decision of this question to a "Jury of picked men." The proposition of the British minister amounting in substance to this, was undignified, if not foolish. That both the proposition and the manner of presenting it by the writer in the Courier may appear like ridiculous, we will repeat it: "Mr. Polk erred in not consenting to leave the decision of this question to a jury of picked men."

Supposing the question had been left to a jury, and the writer of the article in the Courier had been one of the "picked" men and the rest like him, would not their decision have been like that of the Dutch King who made the highlands between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the bed of the St. John's.

The truth is, England has no more claim to any part of the Oregon territory than the Bashaw of Tunis. For the benefit of the readers of the Democrat, we will present facts chronologically arranged, which assert our right to the length and breadth of the territory far north of 54 deg. 40 minutes.

In 1783, the treaty of Paris gave to the United States all the territorial right of Great Britain to the country bounded by her treaty with France in 1713 and 1763.

1792 Capt. Gray, of the ship Columbia, discovered the mouth of the Columbia River—sailed up 14 miles and named it.

In 1803, the United States purchased the right of France in the territory west of the Mississippi. In 1804, Clark and Lewis, authorized by Congress, explored the Columbia from its source to its outlet in the Pacific.

In 1811, Astor erects a fort at the mouth of the Columbia called Astoria.

In 1812, Astoria is taken by the English.

In 1818, Astoria is restored to the U. States by the English.

In 1819, the right of Spain to the territory on the Pacific north of 42 degrees is ceded to the United States.

In 1820, the treaty between Russia and the United States fixed the boundary of Oregon at 54 deg. 40. min. north latitude.

It may be proper to state that the claims of Russia were very imposing. We shall not present them here, but merely observe that our Government considered it good policy to compromise. But England has never had so much as the shadow of a claim. Malte Brun, the celebrated geographer, speaks of our title as indisputable. He adverts to the doubtful title of Russia of that part extending from the parallel of 49 to 50 degrees north, but does not so much as allude to any claim of the English.

Setting aside all the rest, our claim is permanently established—1st, by right of discovery; 2nd, by right of purchase.

The writer in the Courier has a warrant deed of a farm from a person who has a good right to sell and convey the same, but his neighbor wishes for a part of it for his own convenience, and contends that he has a right to claim it, would he be disposed to yield to such a claim? Would he consent to let any number of friends of both parties arbitrate upon it? But here is an immense territory of incalculable importance to this nation, to which we have an undoubted right. It would be extremely folly to jeopardize any part of it by leaving the decision to an Empire, except it be that of the sword. We are sorry that our government ever proposed to settle by the parallel of 49 degrees. But as this is the case, it is best now not to fall from it. This settlement may be made without inflicting on the honor or dignity of the United States or Great Britain. Mr. Clay himself, were he the chief magistrate, would not move an inch from that.

The writer in the Courier states that his "estimate of the President is not high." "This may be true. We would just remind him, however, that there are thousands in this State whose judgment and information are equal if not superior, to his, who have a high opinion of our present Chief Magistrate. Perhaps not one among the whole will ever condescend to bring their views, in this respect, to the square of his estimation.

In relation to the President, the writer observes that he "feels evils from his dugged obduracy." This is a specimen of the truly sublime. He must be a professor of rhetoric in the Bangor Theological Seminary. At least he is well versed in Homer and Virgil. As we do not recollect of reading any figure like this in the classics, it must be original in himself.

Dr. Johnson observes that, could it be proved that Shakespeare was unacquainted with the classics, it would be in his favor, for, saith he, "Extract the most sublime sentences from the classics, and I will extract an equal number from Shakespeare that shall not suffer in the comparison." But the above puts both Shakespeare and the classics in the background. We look for firmness in the Chief Magistrate of this great nation, and are not disappointed in the person of our choice. The nation has every thing to hope and nothing to fear from the bold stand taken by Mr. Polk on the Oregon question.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of whig editors to fault the present administration, whatever course is pursued. A large portion of the whigs in Congress have sustained the President in relation to the Oregon question. Indeed, it is the only consistent stand for

him to take. It has, in fact, the approbation of more than seven eighths of this nation. Had he pursued a different course, the whole phalanx of whig editors would have been equally clamorous in opposition to the measures recommended by him. Should "pious like individuals endeavor to make themselves of the highest use to humanity," there would be no cause of complaint. Every thing would move on like the symmetry of pearls—but we must conform in some measure to the condition in which we find humanity. When we take possession, as we surely shall, of the whole of the Oregon territory to which we have an undoubted claim, the editor of the Courier will do well to turn missionary, and preach his pious doctrine to the English, should they by force attempt to dispute our right.

"Every enlightened mind and loving heart must desire that all wars should henceforth be unknown among the nations of the earth."

This is a good sentiment, but it comes with a better grace from a divine than from a politician. The writer of it loves the English with a pure gospel affection. He probably would not resist them, should they wantonly batter down the city of Bangor. His "loving heart" would prompt him to "administer to their comfort," and contribute to their "aid," to the utmost extent of his means. In such a case he would place himself in a fair way for Thomas-ton or the gallows.

It was a maxim with President Jackson "not to demand any thing that was not strictly right and just, and not to submit to any thing that was wrong." President Polk adopted the same rule, and we dare assert that his firmness, as it is a distinguished trait in his character, will lead him to set up to this maxim to the very letter. How will this apply to the English government? Let their cruelty, injustice and robberies in Hindostan answer this question.

If more be wanting, look at their recent war with China, and that will tell the story. They are the same nation now and their policy is the same. But they will not proclaim war with this nation. Their interest, their safety, their all, is against such a course. This nation not only demands their rights, but no nation on earth dares to withhold them. M.

"THE ARBITRATION SCHEME."

The Washington Union, after stating many objections to arbitration, and also drawing up a correct and valid indictment against the whig party for its many breaches of the law-principle, charges that the whole scheme of arbitration was gotten up in order to give the Whig party a position. We thought as much before, and the outbreak of Mr. Mangum in the Senate—the counterfeited passion with which he delivered himself, in our mind corroborative proof of the charge embodied in the "arbitration plot." The Union says:

"There is yet a 'flower deep profound' beneath even this 'Sermon Boaz' of party failure and discomfiture, from which some leading men of the Whigs (not all, not any) had resolved—perhaps we may say have resolved—tho't the Whig party must descend. This 'flower deep' is the scheme already doomed to wide and lasting extinction under the name of the ARBITRATION PLOT."

Under the very most favorable circumstances, arbitration must always be an exceptional and suspicious mode of adjusting territorial questions. Especially must this be so, when the people and not the government are recognized as the rightful owners of the soil. Most especially must this be so, when the question arises in fact between a great Republic on the one hand, and on the other a great and grasping corporation, which stretches itself out six thousand miles as the arm and hand of an unrelenting commercial and colonizing Monarchy. Arbitration with such a power must always be repugnant to American patriotism. And if the question of right be clear—if the chance of impartial arbitration be hopeless—if the stake be of immense and incalculable value to one party, and of comparatively very little value to the other—if the value to the parties be indeed exactly in reverse ratio to their respective rights—and if the party of the worse right have, in fact, by the position, constitution, and character of its Government, all the chance of concentrated and controlling influence over the arbitrating power—then we say, that under such circumstances, (and they are exactly the circumstances of our Oregon controversy with Great Britain,) a resort by our Government to arbitration, even if authorized in express terms by the federal Constitution, must be almost always and every way dangerous and objectionable.

But in view of the fact that it is a procedure wholly unknown to our Constitution and foreign to its spirit—that it assumes what is very doubtful, the right of our Government to put the possession of our end out of the control of one people, who are themselves its owners—in view of all these facts, a resort to arbitration by our Government on a question like the question of Oregon, seems to be a responsibility which no administration, mindful of its relations and of its duties to the people, can ever permit itself in any manner to assume.

But this array of objections to arbitration in itself—and we have only glanced at a matter which we may have occasion to discuss more fully hereafter—these objections to arbitration in itself, we say constitute only a thing—a mere fraction—of the portentous scandal of the Whig Arbitration Plot.

We do not believe—it is not suspected—that all the distinguished Whig leaders in Washington concurred in this movement, or participated in the consultations. It is supposed that many of them disdained the machinery of him who affected to be the manager in the scheme. We have some evidence of this indignant feeling in the Boston Atlas, and in the New York Tribune, in seeing the revelations through the medium of the New York Courier.

But that PLOT, in the hands of those who are responsible for it, was nothing more nor less than a deliberate and systematic effort of fictitious opposition at home, rallying in secret convulsions on a compromise between our country and England,

POETRY.

TRIFLES.

BY CHARLES SWAN.

How is it, o'er the strongest mind,
That trifles hold such sway?
A word—may even a look unkind
May darken all life's day.
Oh, in this world of daily care,
The thousands that have erred
Can any hardship better bear
Than they can bear a word!

The man who with heroic heart
Can stern misfortune meet,
Unflinchingly perform his part,
And struggle 'gainst defeat
With faith unaltered,—yet can lose
His temper, o'er for aught
Which falls not as his will would choose,
Or proves not what he sought!

And woman can forgive a wrong,
Which casts her on the world,
Far better than forgive the tongue
That may some sinner have hurled;
A thousand times prefer a lot
As hard as want deplores,
Than feel or think herself forgot
By one her heart adores!

Alas, the human mould is at fault;
And still by turns it claims
A nobleness that can exalt,
A littleness that shames!
Of strength and weakness still combined,
Compounded of the mean and grand;
And trifles thus will shake the mind
That would a temple stand.

Give me the soul-superior power,
That conquers over fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
That lulls the things as great;
That lulls the things as great;
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The triumphs of our mind!

SENATOR LEVY—NOW YULEE. The Washington correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, thus speaks of the change in name of the Senator from Florida.

I have lately had the curiosity to ascertain from a friend, the cause of the recent change of Senator Levy's name to Yulee, which, as it embraces the history of a family who have, in a comparatively short time, passed through more singular vicissitudes than that of any other public man in the United States, I feel so strongly tempted to lay it before your readers, as to overcome my scruples in such cases. So here it is:—His grand-father, whose name was Yulee, was the first councillor, or Grand Vizier, of the Emperor of Morocco of those days. The son of the Emperor engaged in a conspiracy against his father's life and authority, which it became the duty of the ancestor of Mr. Yulee to check and punish; and in so doing, he was compelled to throw the Prince into prison. Shortly afterwards, and while the latter was in confinement, the old Emperor died, and his son went from the prison to the throne. His first acts were to cast his father's friend and adviser into the same dungeon, where he died shortly afterwards, and to order the confiscation of his estate. As the sovereign's will was the only law known in Morocco in such cases, the family, to save their lives, were forced to fly somewhere beyond the authority of the new Emperor, and chance favored them with an escape to Gibraltar. Soon afterwards, the father of Senator Yulee, then a young man, went to Cuba, and changing his name to Levy, entered into commercial business. Mr. Y. was born in that island, and came with his parent to this country about the time of the cession of Florida to the United States, as the world knows. He is, perhaps, the youngest man in the U. S. Senate, of which he is a most useful member—notwithstanding the fact that his grandfathers was as staunch and phlegmatic an old Turk as ever sat cross-legged or whiffed the hook.

A funny scene occurred a few days ago at Buffalo, in presence of his Honor the Mayor, and a number of citizens, who were busily engaged in the investigation of a case respecting four human bodies which had been resurrected in beef barrels, labelled "Pork," and destined for the Eastern Market. "Surgeon's Hall."

One of the bodies happened to be the last remains of an old negro wood sawyer, who had been buried by subscription among his colored acquaintances, and (to use the language of his bereaved widow, who was assailing the court with all sorts of lamentations) had *gwan to roas in Abere's buzzum*. In vain the court tried to quiet the insoluble and indignant Dinah; it was all to no purpose—"her 'husban' has been dug up; and de white folks gwan to make sassaenger ob him."

At last his honor ordered her out of court, when turning her large saucer eyes upon the Mayor, she exclaimed: "I'll tell you what it am, massa may, 'taint no use nigger to die any more, at all, now, for de white folks dig 'em rite up de berry next day."

"Dat's a fac," exclaimed another old darky, with solemn emphasis, "dat's a fac—in de nex time I scribe a dollar and half to berry nigger, de funeral will hab to be postponed on account of de inclemency ob de wedder."

A thief one night entered the chamber of a printer, and commenced a vigorous search. The man being awakened by the noise, very coolly accosted the impudent thief as follows: "My friend, what do you expect to find here in the night when I cannot find anything at day-light?"

An Irishman recommending a cow, said she would give good milk, year after year, without having calves, because it run in the breed, as the come from a cow that never had a calf.

A paper in the West abuses a professional gentleman as a "briefless lawyer." The Louisville Journal takes his contemporary to task, and admonishes him never to abuse a man without a cause.

A close observer of the fashion, says an exchange paper, remarks that "ladies" dresses are fuller behind than he ever saw them before.

A Philadelphia paper says, "Calf skins have been tanned in this city in two minutes."

Treasurer's Notice.—Byron.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of Land and other Real Estate in the Town of Byron, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the Taxes assessed on the Real Estate in said Town for the year 1844, which remain unpaid, have been returned to me by William Thomas, Collector of said Town for the year 1844 and deficient highway for 1843, and the following are the same which remain unpaid, viz:—

Andrew Brown, Agent.	Address Brown, Agent.
No. of Loc.	No. of Loc.
No. of Acres.	No. of Acres.
Value.	Value.
Tax.	Tax.
1 1 100 45 62	13 8 100 20
1 1 100 45 62	14 8 100 30
1 1 100 45 62	15 8 100 35
1 1 100 45 62	16 8 100 10
1 1 100 45 62	17 8 100 10
1 1 100 45 62	18 8 100 40
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1 1 100 45 62	92 8 100 40
1 1 100 45 62	93 8 100 40
1 1 100 45 62	94 8 100 40
1 1 100 45 62	95 8 100 40
1 1 100 45 62	96 8 100 40
1 1 100 45 62	97 8 100 40
1 1 100 45 62	98 8 100 40
1 1 100 45 62	99 8 100 40
1 1 100 45 62	100 8 100 40

Names.	No. of Loc.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Deficient Highway Tax.
John E. Stacy	5	13 100 100	1 35		
John Henden, farm.	5	11 100 100	2 03		2 70
B. Babier	8	100 100 203	4 22		
Unknown	8	10 100 40	81		
Wm. Shapen	9	10 100 20	43		1 09
S. B. Ireland	8	11 100 50	63		
Unknown	6	13 100 60	68		
do	5	10 100 60	60		
JOHN STOCKBRIDGE, Treasurer of Byron.					
Feb. 16th, 1846.					

Notice.

I hereby certify to the public in general that from this date I do hereby relinquish to my son, J. STACY F. STOCKBRIDGE, my time, to act and trade for himself; and that from this date I will claim none of the earnings nor pay none of his debts.

Witness:—BENJAMIN POON.
Byron, February 12th, 1846. 3w13

Hebron Academy.

THE Spring Term of Hebron Academy will commence, Providence permitting, on Wednesday, the fourth day of March next, under the tuition of Mr. F. PARSONS, our late useful Teacher. Students, who wish to board themselves, probably can obtain rooms as heretofore.

JOHN TRIPP, Secretary.
Feb. 9, 1846.

Sheriff's Notice.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice to the several Owners of the County of Oxford that he has been duly appointed and Commissioned as Sheriff of said County of Oxford.

O'NEIL W. ROBINSON.
Waterford, January 25th, 1846.

SIMEON CUMMINGS,

AGENT for Massachusetts Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Paris Hill.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to J. C. Marble, by note or account, must call on J. C. Marble and settle the same on or before the first day of March next, at the residence of said J. C. Marble, at Paris Hill, or they will sue for the same at law, in pursuance with my agreement with the town of Paris, Jan. 8, 1846.

PETER AUSTIN.
Paris, Jan. 8, 1846.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TURNER-VILLAGE, M.

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Chapter 10. Description of the Work.—Description of the Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs.—Description of the Symptoms, Signs, and Progress of the Disease.—Description of the Treatment, and a full and complete description of the cure of the disease.

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Feb. 8, 1846.—1y

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Paris, Jan. 14, 1846.

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Counsellor at Law,
PARIS, ME.
Has resumed the practice of Law.
Paris, Jan. 7, 1846.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
Young People's Magazine.
—1846—

THIS Magazine is edited by SENA SMITH, this gentleman has been so long and favorably known to the reading public, that to mention his name is recommendation sufficient to ensure the success of this enterprise. The Magazine is published monthly, and is a most valuable work for the young people of the American people. And also Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, with other of our best female writers. It will be issued monthly, on handsome paper, and each No. embellished with a steel engraving, and a flower painted from nature. The first No. is now ready to deliver to subscribers. Terms \$1.00 per year, or 10 cents for a single number.

The above work is put up in better style than any other magazine published for youth in the United States. We challenge investigation for the proof of this assertion. Please read the introduction below.

Introduction.—The design of this work is to present a useful and interesting periodical to the youth of our country—one that, while it shall amuse, shall also instruct and enlighten; and not merely instruct and enlighten, but elevate and purify. A work which shall do its share towards guiding the youth of our country in the path that will lead them to usefulness and respectability as citizens, and honor and happiness as men and Christians. With this general object in view, all suitable material for both young and old, and the world of fancy will both be explored, and their choicest treasures brought home and spread before our young readers.

Without bias in party politics, the work will present clear and condensed views of political statistics, institutions, and men of the country; and without sectarianism, it will aim to present as matter as may be acceptable to any Christian family.

Stories, Poetry, History, Biography, Science and Art, will all be made to contribute to our general design. Biographical notices of the distinguished men of our country and occasionally of other countries, both ancient and modern; American history; the history and statistics of the individual States, from Maine to Texas and from New York to Oregon; Indian stories of romance, with historical sketches of various tribes, from the time the Europeans first landed upon the prominent sources from which our pages will be filled.

This work is designed mainly for youth, it is intended that it shall be as condensed that the youth who takes and preserves it, shall find it a pleasant and valuable companion in his studies or in his leisure hours. All letters, orders, &c., should be addressed to
J. K. WELLMAN, Proprietor,
115 Nassau street, N. Y.

To the Honorable County Commissioners Court to be held at Paris for and within the County of Oxford the third Tuesday of December, 1845, by adjournment.

WE the undersigned respectfully represent to your Honors that the County road as now travelled from Andover line through the town of North Surplus, Letter C Surplus, and Letter B to New Hampshire line, also the County road as travelled from or near J. J. Bagg's in Letter B where it intersects the road from Letter C to New Hampshire line, through Letter B and Number Five First Range, to the North line of said Number Five (known as the Allegany road) which intersects the road from the North line of Holmes which intersects the Coast road in Letter B—all of said roads are out of repair and unsafe, and public good requires that they should be made good roads for carriages. We therefore request your Honors to order and pay out of said tax on said roads, viz:—Angover North Surplus, Letter C, Surplus, Letter B, Number Five First Range, as well as all of said roads in good repair for carriages, &c.

As in duty bound, &c.
JOHN LOMBARD & 5 others.
Andover, Dec. 1, 1845.

STATE OF MAINE.
Oxford, ss. Court of County Commissioners, Decem-ber Term, 1845, by adjournment.

ON the foregoing Petition, the Commissioners being satisfied that the Petitioners ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, Ordered, That said Petition be given notice thereof by an attested copy of said petition and of this Order of Court thereon to be published six weeks successively in the public papers of the County of Kennebec, and in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, the last publication in each of said papers to be at least thirty days before the next term of this Court to be held at Paris in and for said County on the second Tuesday of May next, that all persons interested may then and there appear